The Latter-Day Saints'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES.—*Rev.* ii. 7.

No. 7. APRIL 1, 1847. VOL. IX.

LETTER TO ELDERS HYDE, PRATT, AND TAYLOR.

Camp of Israel, Omaha Nation, Winter Quarters, near Council Bluffs, January 6, (to wit, one o'clock next morning), 1847.

Dearly beloved brethren,—Four days since, a letter was received by sister Taylor from brother Taylor, dated Liverpool, October 3rd, 1846, giving an account of of his and Elder Hyde's arrival at their destination, which made our hearts to rejoice, and also to mourn at the calamities of our fellow beings upon the mighty ocean. Of brothers, Pratt, Richards, and others, we have heard nothing since the report by the *New York Herald*, of their sailing; we believe they are safely through long since. We wrote Elder Orson Spencer on the 20th October, the general particulars of camp and creation, and as he left soon after that date, we hope he will tell you all those particulars before this reaches you, which we anticipate will be before you leave the island. Your families are all in usual health, and that of all our brethren in England, so far as we know, which we believe is very general.

Brother Luke Johnson has visited us within the last two weeks, direct from brother Hyde's encampment, having buried his wife at St. Joseph's, yet apparently feeling well and enjoying himself.

Our last letter shewed the prospects of a city which we now realize and feel the benefit of—a city of logs and mud, but mostly of logs; that is to say, we have upwards of 700 houses in our miniature city, composed mostly of logs in the body, covered with puncheon, straw and dirt, which are warm and wholesome; a few are composed of turf, willows, straw, &c., which are very comfortable this winter, but will not endure the thaws, rain, and sunshine of spring, like stone, burnt clay, or even hickory.

Our great city, which sprung up in a night as it were, like Jonah's gourd, is divided into 22 wards, over which 22 bishops, with their counsellors preside, and no one suffers for food or raiment unless it be through their own fault, that is, in not asking for it, or being well and too lazy to work; but the fact of so many houses having been built in so short a time, is a proof of the general industry of the people, which will bear comparison with the *history of all the nations of the earth*, and in all periods of time.

The Municipal High Council of this place, decided to build a water flouring mill, as we wrote Elder Spencer. The stones and gearing, or fixtures, have been received, and the building and machinery are nearly ready for operation; this would not have been, were it not that brother Brigham had kindly offered the council to superintend the whole work, and see that the establishment was put in operation; this he did solely for the benefit of this people, and it has thrown an immense burden upon his shoulders, which in justice ought to have been borne off by other

hands—but the greater toil the greater glory. Our president don't stick at any thing that tends to advance the gathering of Israel, or promote the cause of Zion in these last days; he sleeps with one eye open and one foot out of bed, and when any thing is wanted, he is on hand, and his counsellors are all of one heart with him in all things. Eight of our quorum spent the last night at brother Ezra T. Benson's, and we enjoyed ourselves right well for three or four hours, chatting on the first or most interesting subjects that came before us; among which was brothers Hyde, Pratt, Taylor, and their mission, particularly the emigration of the Saints from islands to island, and the opening up of their way from the four quarters of the earth to the final place of their destination. Brethren, whatever else you do, don't forget this subject, and we say it not through fear, but by way of remembrance.

The Twelve, Municipal High Council, Bishops and Counsellors, have commenced building a Council house, 32 by 24 inclusive; the rafters, that is to say the puncheon are nearly ready to receive the dirt on the roof. Hitherto the Council has met at various places, mostly at Dr. Richards's Octagon, a queer looking thing, six rods east of President Young's, and very much resembling a New England potatoe heap in the time of frost.

On or about the 10th of December, Big Head, the second chief of the Omaha nation, with his family and friends were encamped near us, in their Wika ups; between one and two in the morning were fired upon by a band of the Iowas. Big Head was severely hurt, and two or three others—one arm was amputated by our surgeons and their whole camp was taken care of by us, and in our midst until about the 18th, when another encampment of their tribe passed through our city on their way south, having lost about 73 of their number while asleep, about sixty miles north of this, on the morning of the 12th, by a band of the Sioux; when they passed through this place, those who were here went with them, and they have since encamped a little north of the Old Ferry, or Mr. Sarpy's. Almost all their warriors and hunters still being on a buffalo hunt; those who were killed or remain here, have lived mostly on our cattle, either by gift or theft. The whole Omaha nation are a poor, miserable, degraded race of beings, so far as we have any knowledge, and it would seem that they must soon come to an end, if they don't alter their course.

Bishop Miller came down here from the "Running Water" at Christmas, and WE commenced our council at the Octagon, and continued it three days, when the main subject was left to our council, with the general impression that the pioneer company of some two or three hnndred, more or less, would be fitted out as early as circumstances would possibly permit, so as to be at the foot of the mountains somewhere in the region of Yellow Stone river, perhaps at the fork of Tongue river, say two days ride north of the Oregon road, and a week's travel west of Fort Laramie, with ploughs, corn, beans, &c., prepared to raise a summer crop, for some thousand or two of the Saints who should follow after them as soon as grazing would permit, and those who remain here to plant and raise grain sufficient for their consumption, and those who will come after to fill the place of the absentees, so that the Saints may not be obliged to run to Missouri or any other place after grain, pork, &c.

In the fall, wheat in Upper Missouri was worth 18¾ to 25 cents per bushel, corn from 10 to 12 cents. By our stopping at this point, they have taken occasion to raise wheat from .40 to .50, and corn from .20 to .25, and the clerk says, "Wo unto you, ye Missourians;" but we are independent of them, and can live without them, for we have thousands of cattle left yet. A few brethren have gone to Missouri, and paid high prices, because the people have asked it. Pork has been worth at this point from .3½ to .5 by the hog, but we have now engaged to supply the market at .2½; and although wheat and flour are rather scarce at the present, we anticipate no lack by and by, for we are determined to buy at fair prices or not buy at all, and good corn and meal are tolerable plenty at 40 and 50; and if the Missourians don't sell us cheaper than that, pretty soon, *they will not sell us at all*, for we have means to support ourselves.

On the 9th of October, while our teams were waiting on the banks of the Mississippi for the Saints who had been driven out of Nauvoo by an infuriated mob,

and left without houses, beds, bed clothes, coats, frocks, tents, stoves, beef, pork, potatoes, or any of the necessaries of life, and there was nothing but starvation and death staring them in the face, with the fever and ague, and all other complaints incident to that climate preying upon them, and they had nothing to start their journey with—the Lord sent flocks of quails, which lit upon their wagons, and on their beds, and upon their empty tables, and upon the ground within their reach, which the Saints, and even the sick, caught with their hands, until they were satisfied, and their breakfast and their dinner was full; not only the Saints saw this but the world—a steam boat was passing during part of the time, within six rods, and the passengers marvelled at the sight—others in the camp, *not of us*, wondered also; this occurrence continued through the day, and followed the camp when they started from the river. Tell this to the nations of the earth! tell it to the kings and nobles, and the great ones!! tell ye this to those who believe that that God who fed the children of Israel in the wilderness in the days of Moses, that they may know that there is a God in these last days, and that his people are as dear to him NOW *as they* WERE *in those days, and that he will feed them* when the power of the oppressor is unbearable, and he is acknowledged God of the whole earth, and every knee bows, and every tongue confesses that Jesus is the Christ.

From brother Kane, for such we call him, for his kind offices, we have received no communications since he left Nauvoo; we attribute it to the tardiness of the mail, or neglect with us between us and Fort Leavenworth, the communication of which has not been convenient for us for some days. We believe Colonel Kane to be a true friend.

Lieutenant Pace came on express from Fort Leavenworth, to inform us of the demise of Lieutenant Colonel Allen, battalion being then on their march towards Fort Bent. We immediately wrote council for Captain Hunt to take the command of the battalion, according to his station, and continue to carry out the orders that had been issued to Colonel Allen, giving General Kearney the earliest information by express. This communication we dispatched by brother John D. Lee, on the 30th of August, accompanied by Howard Egan, and Lieutenant Pace on his return. They overtook the battalion on or about the 17th September, on the Arkansas river, a considerable distance below Fort Bent, on their way to Santa Fe, under the command of Lieutenant Smith. As the battalion could not get their regular pay, our messengers continued with them, under forced marches, till they arrived at Santa Fe. Dr. Sanderson, the surgeon, was very oppressive to the sick, forcing down calomel and spirits of turpentine by the spoonful. The commander was equally oppressive, yet it was all quietly submitted to by our principal officers. About the 17th October, Captain Brown was detatched to Purbelow, on the Arkansas, to winter, accompanied by the laundresses, sick, &c., of the batallion, numbering in all about eighty; the remainder of the battalion took up a line of march for Monterey in California, thence expecting to ship for San Francisco. Our messengers having received 3 or 4000 dollars in checks from the battalion, left Santa Fe on or about the 19th October, and arrived in camp 22nd November. Brother Samuel Gulley resigned his station and returned with them.

Instead of the officers sending to us for counsel, they wrote the President of the United States to appoint a commander. The president informed them that was not his privilege—that the command devolved on the rank; but inasmuch as they had made the request, he despatched Captain Thompson from the Jefferson barracks to take command, if the battalion wished it. Brother Lee met Captain Thompson, learned his mission, was pleased with the man, and wished him to go forward, thinking that the battalion would be benefitted by the exchange, and that the choice would be with the battalion and not with the officers alone. General Doniphan was in command at Santa Fe, and acted the friendly part towards our people: the particulars of the whole you will learn hereafter, as we have not time to write them now.

On the route brother Lee met Elders Brown and Crosby, of Mississippi, on their return from the Arkansas river, where they had been with the camp this season, and not finding us as they anticipated, had located their company on that river for the winter, and were on their return for a reinforcement to join them in the spring, hoping to fall in with us and pass over the mountains together. They had a joyful

meeting, and we have since written them how and where to unite their camps with ours, at the foot of the mountains next spring. Recent reports indicate that Lyman Wight and company are somewhere near the head of the Big Blue.

Bishop Whitney returned from St. Louis several weeks since with a large lot of merchandize, which he has been dealing out to the sisters and friends of the battalion, and others who sent money by him, which has added much to the comfort of many souls in camp, indeed, to the camp generally. The water was very low and navigation difficult, which made freight and cartage from St. Louis here very high, near 3.00 per 100. Sugar, and some other staple articles, were very dear at the time of purchase, all of which brought the goods higher than was anticipated, and produced some grumbling in camp; but this had been mostly overcome by the recent reformation in camp, or the influence of teaching, preaching, explanation, prayer meetings, &c., and the good spirit prevails among us.

Since our buildings were completed many of the Saints have turned their attention to the manufacture of willow baskets, hundreds of dollars worth have already been completed, and there is a prospect of quite an income from this source in the spring—other articles are also commencing, such as wash boards, half bushels, &c.

We suppose that you have more intelligence concerning the Mexican War than we have. From rumour we are inclined to think that it is not quite ended yet, and that there is a good deal of dissatisfaction in the States concerning the war or the manner of carrying it on, and that the people are beginning to think that it is easier to vote ten millions out of the treasury than it is to gather it in.

January 8th.

At eight yesterday morning, mercury fell to 8 degrees below zero, and it has been pretty cold since.

We have no very late news from Nauvoo. Some time after the Saints were driven out, Governor Ford took courage and gathered a troop, variously estimated from 80 to 150, and marched down to the devoted city, for the purpose of re-instating the new citizens in their rights. On his arrival he appears to have found but little or no opposition: quartered his troops in the Temple—locked arms with the ringleaders of the mob—patrolled the streets—visited the grog shops, not forgetting to take a drop of the *aqua vitæ*—ate splendid suppers—attended fancy balls, and was hail fellow, well met, with his Black Majesty's Princes, while they were swearing behind his back, that as soon as little Tom was gone, the New Citizens should leave with far less ceremony or mercy than had been shown the Mormons: thus you have the story as cheap as we have it.

The Temple and public property have not been sold. At the last date brother Babbit had left for Kirtland. Rigdonism is unknown, and the probability is, that Rigdon himself is about ready to deny the faith. Strang is very little better off, indeed not so well, for he has already denied his faith, or changed and altered it so many times that no man can tell what he does believe.

Perhaps we have written you about enough at this time, as we shall expect to see you with us before we leave, which will probably be between the 1st and 10th of May.

In the mean time, the historian wishes you may find it convenient to bring him a good portable desk, about two feet in length, and when closed in trunk form, and all the little internal fixtures, as your judgment shall dictate, not forgetting a good razor strop.

President Kimball wishes Elder David Candland to return to Camp, and it is very desirable that all Elders should remember that the things of the Lord's house belong in the Temple, and are not to be transferred to the habitations of the Gentiles, and all the brethren who have so far forgotten their sacred instructions as to disremember their original names, had better return home and take further lessons.

Since writing the foregoing, report has reached us from the public prints, that Gens. Santa Anna and Taylor have had an interview, agreed upon articles of peace between the United States and Mexico, giving the Californians the privilege of religious toleration and choice of government for the time being; and further intelligence, that the 200 dragoons marching with the Mormon Battalion had received orders

for countermarch, and were on their return; while the battalion was pursuing their course to their destination, and the United States Paymasters were on their way to settle up with their troops; of the truth of which every man must judge for himself.

Letters of the 11th and 18th of September, from Elders Scovil, Dunn, Cain, and Sirrine, also one from Thomas Ward, of the 17th of Sept., are received, but your presence and this sheet must be a reply to the whole.

We remember all the dear Saints upon the Islands in kindness, love, faith, and prayer, and blessing them and yourselves.

We subscribe ourselves, your brethren, in behalf of the Council of the Twelve Apostles,

BRIGHAM YOUNG, President.
W. RICHARDS, Clerk.

P.S.—It will be pleasing to brother Franklin Richards to learn that his wife has enjoyed better health, for a few months past, than for many years previous, and is truly possessing the vigor of youth.

P.S.—No opportunity has presented to convey this to post until this morning, Jan. 23rd. Since the above, the weather has mostly been cold—sometimes mercury 16 deg. below cipher. The 6th, 7th and 8th Nos. of the MILLENNIAL STAR are received, also a letter from Elder Taylor to his wife—all of which make our souls to rejoice—also a letter from brother Orson Spencer, at New York, to his family, but nothing of his interview with Colonel Kane, who is working for us with all his might.

W. R.

MINUTES OF THE CARLISLE CONFERENCE.

Sunday, Jan. 10th, 1847.

Pursuant to appointment, the officers and members convened in the lecture room of the Tyne Polytechnic Society, No. 11, Nuns-street, Newcastle on Tyne.

At half-past ten the house was called to order, and opened in due form; Elder Candland presiding, and Ebenezer Gillies, clerk. In consequence of a very large audience having collected, it was deemed policy to address them particularly, which our president did, on the subject of the apostacy being the fruitful source of the present and future evils and calamities now visiting, and which hangs over the heads of the people at large. The discourse was a very laboured and energetic one, and the people evidently believed it. Our morning service closed at half-past twelve, in due form.

AFTERNOON SERVICE

Opened at two o'clock by singing, and prayer from Elder Bainbridge. The sacrament was then administered. The number of officers present, were, 1 of the seventy, 2 elders, 3 priests, and 1 deacon. The representation of the branches was then called for.

Carlisle,—Represented by letter, contains 75 members, including 3 elders, 6 priests, 3 teachers, and 3 deacons; 1 baptized.

Dalston,—Represented by letter, contains 13 members, 1 elder, and 1 priest; 4 baptized since last quarterly conference. In this branch there is no teacher or deacon, having no materials; all the rest are females.

Alston,—Represented by letter, contains 27 members, 2 elders, 3 priests, and 1 teacher; 2 baptized.

Newcastle,—Represented by Elder Bainbridge, contains 36 members (including some two or three at the distance of seventeen miles), 2 elders, 4 priests, 1 teacher, and 1 deacon; 3 baptized.

The Saints in Sunderland never were properly organized into a branch, whereupon, by their wish through Elder Knox, they were then organized, and the above elder chosen to preside.

Sunderland,—16 members, 1 elder, 1 priest, and 1 teacher

The president arose and gave an explanation relative to the course to be pursued with Brampton. For years they had been in a wretched and heart-rending state as a branch. Their covenants to amend were registered, their names attached, and before they had reached their homes they would abuse one another. Their conduct was in many respects vicious and extremely mischievous to each other; they had become a bye-word and a scorn by the people of the town. He deemed it useless to listen to any more covenants, as they had made so many and broken them. He said he had visited them, laid out the only remedy in his estimation, viz: to cut the entire branch off, to which the whole agreed, and the officers, with one exception, named Harrison, gave up their licenses; Elder Wilson at the same time bearing his testimony that it was the fulfilment of a dream given to him some years ago; others bore testimony to its being the only sure plan. The members there had agreed to the measure, and have given up the council book, which presents one of a dreadful mutilated appearance, from the frequent erasures of charges against one another, after the explanation. The conference also agreed to their separation.

The president also addressed us on the course to be pursued for the spread of the work, on re-baptism, and many important items. He gave some most excellent advice on the settlement of difficulties, and the sure way to heal up the breach; also upon the course to be pursued by the priests in this branch. After some other little items were discussed, the meeting was dismissed.

EVENING.

At six o'clock our room was densely crowded, as many leaving as were in the room, not being able to obtain seats or standing room. After the opening of the meeting, the president addressed the audience in a lengthy and laboured discourse, on the second advent, which was listened to in solemn silence.

Thus we enjoyed the spirit of the Lord, and may the Lord prosper his work in the midst of the years, and clothe his servant with power, for his unwearied labours and toils in the ministry deserves our praise and prayers, that he may gather in some into the fold of our Lord and Master, Christ.

Elder Bainbridge arose and said he felt great pleasure in proposing a vote of confidence in our beloved president. His course of wisdom—his watchfulness for the welfare of the church—his untiring assiduity in preaching the word—his advice, counsels, and encouraging exhortations, has inspired our hearts with new courage, and made us more alive to the cause, and I feel to propose this vote of confidence. Seconded by Elder Knox, and carried unanimously.

DAVID CANDLAND, President,
EBENEZER GILLIES, Clerk.

MINUTES OF THE WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE.

This conference was held in the Chapel, Cubington, on Sunday, March 7th, 1847. The Meeting opened in the usual way. Elder Thomas Smith, president, Elder John Freeman, clerk. Officers present—5 elders, 7 priests, 2 teachers, and 3 deacons.

After some remarks made by the President, the following branches were represented:—

	MEM.	ELD.	PR.	TEA.	DEA.
Leamington	50	1	2	1	2
Stratford-on-Avon	25	1	1	0	1
Coventry	71	2	5	1	3
Fillingly	65	1	3	0	2
Rugly	13	1	2	0	0
Barford St. John's	24	1	2	1	0
Dorchester	18	1	2	1	1
Aston Rowant	10	1	1	1	0
	276	9	18	5	9

By the representation it was manifested that 41 had been added to the church since the last conference, and 5 cut off.

It was then resolved that Cubington be organized into a branch.

Resolved that Brother John Haynes be ordained to the office of a Priest, and take the oversight of Cubington

Resolved that Brother John Hiott be ordained to the office of a Deacon.

Resolved that Loxley be organized into a branch

Resolved that William Tubb, Priest, preside over Loxley.

Resolved that W. E. Hortin be ordained Priest.

Resolved that Brother V. W. Cleves be ordained Teacher.

Resolved that Brother Joseph Heath be ordained Deacon.

Resolved that Brother Isaac Randal be ordained Priest.

Resolved that Brother George Arnold be ordained Priest

Resolved that John Suckling be ordained Priest.

Resolved that George Brener be ordained Teacher.

Resolved that George Newcomb be ordained Teacher.

Those present who were called to office, were ordained under the hands of Elders Freeman and Broadhead.

Proposed that Whittleford be organized into a branch, and that Elder Bramall preside over it. Carried.

Proposed by Elder Bramall, seconded by Elder Broadhead, that a petition be sent to the General Conference, requesting the Presidency of the British Isles to return our president, Elder Thomas Smith, to preside over us. Carried unanimously.

Proposed that Elder J. Freeman write the petition. Carried

Elders Bramall, Freeman, and Broadhead then addressed the meeting on the signs of the times.

In the evening the president delivered a powerful discourse from Romans xiii. chap., 11 verse.

A charge having been fully proved against sister Maria Mullis, for lying and slandering a brother, having a tendency to do him an injury, and as she would not make restitution,

It was moved by Elder Freeman, seconded by Elder Bramall that Maria Mullis be cut off from the church. Carried.

A good number of Saints were present from the different branches, and from the spirit of joy, union, and love that prevailed through the day, it seemed a foretaste of that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

THOMAS SMITH, President
JOHN FREEMAN, Clerk.

NIGHT OF MARTYRDOM.

(Concluded from the 4th No.)

Every effort was made by the insurgents to excite the surrounding country to rise up *en masse*, and repel the Saints that were supposed to be about to retaliate upon the surrounding country for the murder of the Smiths; and although the Saints were quiet and submissive, yet the sentiment gained credit throughout the country, that there could be no more peace between the Saints and their enemies. This sentiment was especially cherished and propagated by the Anti-Mormons, who made capital of it to gain an influence sufficient to drive the Saints from the State. And seeing the manner in which the vitiated public countenanced the murder of the Smiths in the public prints; and the winter following, the State of Illinois actually taking away their City Charter, they were emboldened subsequently to commit those awful deeds of house-burning, and the murder of Durfee, that will aggravate the condemnation of the State of Illinois in the day of righteous retribution and wrath. The assassination of the Smiths may be considered as giving the finishing seal to the incorrigible wickedness and unalterable doom, not only of the State of Illinois, but also of the nation.

The personal frame of Mr. Smith was fitted by nature for the greatest measure of endurance. His gigantic mind disposed of cares and troubles of a domestic, political, and religious character, with extraordinary tact; and scarcely could the fury of the storm have begun to abate, before the sunbeams of cheerfulness irradiated his countenance, and the versatile character of his mind allowed him rest and recreation, where others would have sunk despondingly under accumulated troubles. Conscious of possessing a knowledge of the most profound principles of truth, virtue, and happiness, that were ever revealed to man, he dealt out unsparing giant blows against the Goliah of error, and smiled alike at the formidable front of his antagonist, and the inevitable discomfiture that ensued. He contemplated, without a shadow of doubt, the complete and triumphant success of that system of truth that God had revealed through him, for the temporal, spiritual, and eternal safety of man; and although his days were cut short by the cruel hands of assassins, yet he lived to accomplish the work to which he was sent. This work he finished —the foundation of the millennial reign was fully laid by him—the superstructure is to go up to its full completion with shoutings of grace—grace unto it.

In conclusion, while the awful scene of that ever-memorable night filled the hearts of many Saints throughout two continents with unspeakable grief and anguish, the effect produced at the time of his death upon the righteous, is but a faint emblem of that unquenchable anguish and woe that must be felt by the assassins and their abettors. Let the inhabitants of Carthage village blush, when it is told in legible characters, inscribed on the walls of their final prison-house, that Joseph Smith, one of the brightest sons of the morning, was murdered under the deliberate gaze of their eyes, in the broad light of a summer day!! at the county seat of a populous county!!! Let the governor of Illinois remember well that he was repeatedly notified by faithful and fearless men (at the instance of the prisoners), that their lives were in momentary peril—that to leave them in the midst of such sworn enemies, who had vowed with horrid imprecations that what the civil law could not do, "powder and ball should do!" was like leaving them in a den of angry lions. Let the State of Illinois blush and crimson with guilt, that such a band of conspirators and murderers have never been brought to justice, even to this day; and let the nation bewail the day and hour when a member of her great confederacy was stigmatized with violated faith, and stained with martyred blood!!—Ed.

The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

APRIL 1, 1847.

"EMIGRATION OF THE SAINTS FROM ISLANDS TO ISLAND, AND THE OPENING UP OF THEIR WAY FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE EARTH, TO THE FINAL PLACE OF THEIR DESTINATION."

From this extract of President Young's letter, it will be perceived that Vancouver Island is the gathering point of the Saints, from the islands and distant portions of the earth. To this point the Saints of England should steadily direct their attention in all their arrangements for emigration. Any other arrangements, such as going in the company of Elder ——, through the States, or to some point east of the Rocky Mountains, must not be made upon our responsibility, or upon that of the Presidency in America. No companies are counselled by competent authority to go to any other parts of America than Vancouver's Island. Presiding Elders over Conferences cannot tell, until further instruction reaches them, to what part of America their destination will be when they return to their families, unless it shall be by way of Vancouver Island. Some American Elders, whose ill health shall compel them to leave soon, may go to their families through Missouri, and possibly

take with them an individual friend or two for company, or aid, or both; but any expectations beyond this may be attended with disappointment. We are perfectly aware that many have little or no employment, and some are anxious to emigrate before their means are too much exhausted. Perhaps some of the followers of Moses at the Red Sea, when they were hemmed in by surrounding difficulties, thought it better to press through the lesser difficulties of mountains or enemies, than to wait patiently for the word of the Lord by the mouth of their leader; but the Lord's way proved in that instance two things; first, the patience and faith of the people; second, their perfect deliverance by his hand. The poor Saints that were left at Nauvoo, through want of means to carry them all at once to the wilderness, were in constant jeopardy of their lives and property from blood-thirsty men. They were told that the way would open for them all to re-unite with their brethren in the wilderness, if they would abide faithful. This was the best instruction that the Council could give to their afflicted brethren that remained ungathered to the wilderness; and what was the result? They had eat their last meal and meat, and sickness, fatigue, and the inhuman imprecations of violent and bloody men were upon them; but in the midst of it all, God also was there; he hearkened and heard their cry, mingled with the profanation of his holy name, by ungodly men; his eye pitied, and his arm brought salvation; he inspired the quails to come and offer themselves a willing sacrifice to the destitute and needy. The Saints partook thereof, and were satisfied; God supplied their empty table. Oh, ye beloved and afflicted Saints of England, fear not, but trust in the living God. You shall yet see the rod of the oppressor broken, and the inspiration of the Almighty that moved the fish to bring tribute money in his throat purse to Jesus, and the raven to minister to the Prophet, shall uphold you in the day of great distress, if your faith fail not.

PRESIDENT ORSON HYDE sailed for New York on the 23rd Feb., with the prayers and blessings of the faithful upon his head for his valuable and untiring services in the mission which he so acceptably fulfilled in connexion with his fellow Apostles, P. P. Pratt and John Taylor.

MUCH valuable matter concerning the political aspect of the United States and other nations is necessarily deferred from going to print in the present STAR.

THE warlike and *migratory* signs in the sun, and the convulsive murmurings of the nations, arising from famine, pestilence, and the menaces of war, and the extraordinary press of emigration, are filling the nations with fearful apprehensions; and fanatical misguided men will, doubtless, run to and fro crying tidings, while they are poorly qualified to interpret the signs of the times without the key of inspiration; and their teachings will rather harden the inhabitants of the earth against the day of slaughter, than light their pathway to deliverance.

A letter from Elder Speakman, explanatory of the doings of Elder David Candland in the Carlisle Conference, gives us much pleasure, and will be published in our next.

THE present edition of hymn-books is now entirely out of print, and demands for them are increasing daily. We would inform our patrons, that it is our intention to issue another edition as soon as *circumstances* and MEANS will permit, which

however is not the labour of a day, or a week only. The late increase of orders for the various works of the church, affords us a most pleasing assurance of the progress of the work of the Lord generally throughout the Conferences on this island, and we earnestly desire, and do confidently hope, soon to behold the great work spreading upon the continent, that the meek among other nations also may increase their joy in the Lord, and many poor among them rejoice in the Holy One of Israel. We have recently opened a correspondence with a brother in France, who has been for some time engaged in business there, and has formerly requested that an Elder might be sent there, offering his means and influence to assist him in disseminating the principles of eternal truth in that vicinity, and we shall make every reasonable exertion to extend the gospel to every place where an opportunity may present, that the word of God may go forth, have free course, and be glorified. Will the Saints offer their supplications to him who is the author of every good gift, that our humble efforts in this matter may be crowned with success, and an effectual door be opened in France.

VISIT TO PRESTON.

March 13th, 1847.

The morning opened fair and pleasant, while the Saints congregated in Temperance, Hall; but still more fair that congregation of saints that had been purified by sacrificial blood and the water of remission. With spirits mild, blithe, and buoyant, and countenances reflective of hope, love, and faith, it was pleasant to sit in that congregation, emblematic of the hallowed order and tranquillity of saints in the final restitution of all things.

But a passing remark on the plan of meeting. The Temperance Hall is by many better known as the Cockpit, or place celebrated in former times for cock-fighting. It is built strictly in circus form, and is not so objectionable for want of convenience as for the associations of former uses. One scripture is verified in the saying, that "old things are done away, and all things are become new." The old sports have given place to the hallowed songs of praise, and the joys of salvation; and the place has become honourable by reason of the deeds of praise and righteousness that are done there. It is not the place, but the use to which it is applied, that sanctifies and ennobles. The place calls to mind a sterling sentiment of Shakspeare, in which Bertram is made, in despite of the king's entreaties to the contrary, to refuse the hand of a virtuous and lovely maid, by reason of her low origin (a poor physician's daughter). The king offers in vain to give and bestow upon the fair (but obscure and untitled) one, both title and wealth:

> "'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
> I can build up. Strange is it that our blood's
> Of colour, weight, and heat; pour'd altogether
> Would quite confound distinction; yet stand off
> In differences so mighty. If she be
> All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
> A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
> Of virtue for the name. But do not so:
> From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
> The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
> Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
> It is a dropsied honour: good alone
> Is good without a name: vileness is so.
> The property by what it is, should go,
> Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
> In these to nature she's immediate heir;
> And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
> Which challenges itself as honour's born,
> And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers. The mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said
If thou canst like this creature as a maid;
I can create the rest: virtue and she,
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.
BERTRAM.—I cannot love her, nor will I strive to do it."

In the above lines we recognize two descriptions of wisdom; the king speaks according to the wisdom of common sense, and the inspiration of God; and Bertram speaks according to the sense of this world, which is foolishness with God and his saints. A place of worship is stigmatized and avoided by the followers of Bertram, by reason of its origin and ancestral uses; but the wise regard it for its value and convenience—for a good and noble use, in the absence of a better place.

The followers of Bertram reject and despise the teachings of the ministry of the Saints by reason of the humble origin of him who first propagated the fulness of the gospel in the last days, and of those ordained by his counsel to propagate knowledge and salvation to all the nations of the earth. They say, "this new religion we 'cannot love, nor will we strive to do it.' Though it is true and excellent, yet it has not the honours and titles of this world."

Who, we ask, are the Saints? They are the excellent of all the earth—they are trees of righteousness—trees of the Lord's planting; in their breasts are planted the most exalting principles of truth, wisdom, virtue, and benevolence. But they are not generally a titled people, clothed with the trappings of royalty, and basking in the gilded sun-beams of wealth, or dwelling in marble castles, or clothed in courtly livery. Therefore the world cannot, and *will* not love them. "Oh, ye fools, and slow of heart to believe." The great comedian whose plays often amuse you, will you receive the amusement that springs from the productions of his pen, and slight his wisdom that comes with it? The Saints are true to nature, and therefore true to nature's God; for being in his image naturally, they are also in his likeness morally, by the spirit of adoption. God has called them, and chosen them from before the foundation of the world, because they are worthy and beloved. "He first loved us." They are the salt of the earth, and the greater part of the intelligence that is in the world is in them, and in them also is the greater portion of real virtue and solid worth.

We hope soon to receive the minutes, and make extracts. The remarks of Elder Jacobs upon the importance of self-government and of temperance to him that striveth for the mastery, were excellent, as well as the remarks by Elder Huntington, on the proper method of training and teaching children, &c. The present lively interest and good order of the Saints in this town, that first welcomed the gospel of Christ to the British island, indicates not only an increase of conversions, but the necessity of a larger house of worship when it becomes practicable. A goodly increase by baptism has already taken place, and peace, love, and union, seem to abound. As God blessed that town first, may he also bless it unto the last, even till all are gathered to the land of promise.—ED.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Merthyr, Jan. 9, 1847.

Dear brother Hyde,—The gale having somewhat subsided, I find time to give you some items of brother Taylor's visit to the *Ancient Nation of the everlasting hills.* The report of his arrival spread far and near, over snowy mountains, until, on the second day, Saints and sinners had crowded the largest hall in these regions to overflowing. Such a turn-out I never saw here before! 'Twas a conference as follows:—number of branches, 38—Elders, 34—Priests, 61—Teachers, 35—Deacons, 22; baptized since the last conference (which was held in July) 341—total 979.

Brother Taylor taught them many glorious principles, unfolded the beauties of future ages, the hope of the Saints, as though he was well acquainted with the eternal councils, since the "Sons of God shouted for joy;" and although the majority did not un-

derstand the English language, or brother Taylor the Welsh, yet it vibrated their nerves like electricity, by the spirit, I suppose, until they were highly edified. At length brother Taylor (for some reason, I know not, unless because he loved us) set to work trying to stumble some of us professedly so. He told all the worst tricks of ancient and modern saints—the last first, which proved far the least. He tried them every way, but utterly failed to stumble any of them, though some whined because he compared their "little captain to one of the little boys of Zion," as he said; but I thought that as much gospel as any thing he said.

Our conference lasted two days, and really it was a "little heaven below," more love and union I never witnessed, not even a groan or an apostate "*hum.*"

Brother Taylor, among other things, made songs of Zion, very suitable to the Saints of Wales, and sung them beautifully. Some thirty in the different branches through Wales were called and ordained unto the different offices of the priesthood.

After an affectionate farewell address which caused tears to flow, brother Taylor left on Monday night with the train for London, *via* Bristol, and such shaking of hands and blessing, reminded me of old times in the "*Grove*" at Nauvoo, and proved the power of the love of Christ—cementing the hearts of strangers as one by his spirit, though oceans and tongues intervene.

The general query was, after he left, "when shall we all be gathered to Zion?" and as I have not had such an answer myself, the nearest to it I tell is, "when we have reaped all the fields in Wales, and bring the wheat home with us."—You will perceive, dear brother, that we have not been very idle, although it was but our seed time this season, but we anticipate a rich harvest next season. Some few seeds shoot up very soon, you know, others grow deep—so here only nine baptized after the conference closed in this branch, but a general spirit of enquiry, fanned up by the persecuting preachers and editors (poor things!) as by their preaching, or both together, make quite lively times with us,—and God grant it may be more so is my prayer. Amen.

From your brother and obedient servant in Christ,

D. JONES.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Preston, March, 1847.

Mr. Editor,—As your paper is the only medium by which "I can rise up and call my father blessed" to my satisfaction and his worthiness, you will confer a favour upon me, and comfort those that feel the loss of a father and friend in the wilds of America, by giving a place for this to stand as an everlasting memorial of the departed Noble. I esteem it a higher nobility to be associated with Apostles and Prophets of Almighty God, than the highest nobles and dignitaries of worldly kingdoms. He was baptized in the year 1834, and has ever been firm, unwavering, and active in this glorious work. He was a good father, a kind husband, a faithful servant in his calling, and a true and undeviating friend to the martyred Prophets and the Twelve Apostles. I am a witness of his private as well as public life; and in the hardest trials and deepest troubles of Kirtland, Missouri, and Nauvoo, I never heard him murmur or complain, but he actually rejoiced in the midst of the worst, with a seeming air of disregard to pain or suffering, knowing that all was his gain. Often has he called his family around him in the hour of peril or hunger, and talked to us like a Patriarch of old, and told us such things must be in order to purify and make us perfect; and if we bear all nobly, without murmuring or complaining, it was our gain, but if we grumbled and complained, it was our just due. When apostacy was raging and many were turning aside from the truth, his governing maxims and instructions to us were, that whatever the head did was right, without making the wisdom of God's authorities bend to the reasoning of any man; for, said he, God has called and empowered them, and no man has a right to judge them or their works, except God call him to a higher office or power. In fine, his course of life and conversation said virtually, "swallow whatever the doctor gives you, for if he does not know what will cure you, nobody does." By following out this course through life he has shunned the rock on which many have split, that is, thinking they could see better than the eyes which God had placed in the church.

Thus he has died without leaving a spot or stain upon his memory, and I can think upon him with delight and call him blessed. Truly he has fought the good fight, has kept the faith, and obtained the crown which endureth forever.

When last I saw him he was in health and vigour, but through suffering, privation, and a heavy charge of business, he now sleeps the last sleep beneath the Prairie sod at Mount Pisgah.

One thing comforts me. I expect yet to enjoy an inheritance and life of immortality upon this earth with him at my head, the Twelve at his head, Joseph at their head, Jesus at his head, his Father and our God at the head of all.

Yours very truly,

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

NOTE.— Father Huntington was a wise counsellor and excellent man, and presided over the Mount Pisgah Station, and had made a sacrifice of all his goods to aid the poor Saints to remove from Nauvoo to the wilderness, as many other Saints did also do.—ED.

A ROMANCE IN STAGE LIFE.

(*From the Glasgow Saturday Post.*)

During the drama of the "Battle of Sedgemoor," at the Adelphi Theatre here, on Tuesday evening last, an occurrence took place which, for stirring interest and romantic story, far outdoes all such dramatic fictions as "The Wife of Two Husbands," "The Fatal Marriage," or those numerous misadventures and mishaps in connexion with love, marriage, and triumphant virtue, which are put upon the stage to "fill the pause and give the fancy play." The facts of the case, which have been communicated to us by an eye-witness, and which can be authenticated on the best authority, are as follows:—While on the above evening the business of the play was going forward, and while one of the favourite actresses of the Adelphi was performing her part—indeed we need not hesitate giving the name (Mrs. De Bourgh) as the whole matter is now kept no secret by the parties interested—a tall handsome man, with a military air, in the pit, was observed to look very uneasy for a few minutes, to gaze earnestly at the stage as if the lady had engaged his fixed attention, rising several times from his seat during the time, until he at length apparently satisfied himself with his scrutiny, when, to the astonishment of all around, he exclaimed at the pitch of a stern military voice, "My wife, by Heaven! my Eliza!" Not knowing the cause of this sudden outburst, the spectators for a time appeared at a loss whether to treat the affair in joke or earnest. Seeing, however, that the gentleman was perfectly sober, and quite serious in his manner of address, their merriment gave way to wonder and curiosity, which was in no degree lessened when it was noted that the fair actress who had been thus pointedly addressed, had swooned, and required to leave the stage. The play, however, went on notwithstanding of this, but the occurrence excited the most marked attention. On hearing of the matter, Mr. Miller, the manager, at once proceeded to the place where the gentleman sat, in order to ascertain the cause of the unlooked-for interruption that had been given to the evening's entertainment, and enquired his meaning for the expression he had made use of. "I tell you," said the gentleman, "that lady is my wife, whom I have not seen these nineteen years. I have been abroad, and during that time have not heard from her; I thought her dead, and can you wonder I was astonished?" "But," said the stranger, "who are you that enquires?" Mr. Miller replied that he was lessee of the theatre—that he had a respect for this lady, who had now been in his *corps dramatique* for three years, during which her reputed husband, Mr. De Bourgh, had died, and as he felt an interest in the reputation of this lady, as well as for the good name of all the members of the company, he hoped the gentleman would not wantonly make a statement to injure her character. "Married," exclaimed the stranger, "to another! My Eliza married!! But I must see her immediatly, she is still my wife." Mr. Miller asked the name of the gentlemen, who said, "My name is Lewis—Lieutenant Lewis, Sir. I've come direct from Liverpool, after having been on foreign service with my boy, her boy, Sir. He is twenty-two years of age, six feet two inches high. You shall see him, Sir." Somewhat doubtful and yet surprised at this recital, Mr. Miller enquired the maiden name of the lady. "Stanley," said the lieutenant, "Elizabeth Stanley." After these interrogatories Mr. M. proceeded behind the scenes to satisfy himself as to the truth of the representations, when he found it at once verified by the actress, who had by this time recovered from her faint. And now for the sequel. The parties had a meeting, and such a meeting! our fair readers may form some idea. After loving embraces and hurried explanations, during which the lieutenant seemed to have lived over again his first three years of marriage, the following statement was elucidated, which was highly satisfactory to Mr. Miller and the other parties who had the fortune to be present at the scene:—They had married when young in England—he, at the time, a private soldier, she a rising member of a theatrical company in the town of ——. The fruit of their union was a fine boy. The regiment was ordered abroad,

and in vain the young soldier applied to have along with him his loving wife. The stipulated number of women to go with the regiment had been made up, and, as a favour, their child, then three years of age, was permitted to accompany his father. They parted, and during the lapse of nineteen years had not seen or heard of each other. The one believing the other dead, need we wonder at the remarkable nature of their first encounter? He had risen in the army, by steadiness and good conduct, to the rank of a lieutenant, and consoled by the company of his boy, had not married again. She, about eight years after the departure of the vessel with the regiment, had been positively informed that her husband had been killed in battle, and she was married again. The second husband died about 18 months ago, and thus ends our strange eventful story. But no, we are in error, the tale is not yet told. On Wednesday morning last, accompanied by a respectable body of friends, the happy pair, both being of the Catholic persuasion, appeared before the Rev. Mr. Gordon, who, after hearing the particulars, again formally re-united two whom fortune and the chances of war had put asunder.

Reader, when you have read the above, you will perhaps feel astonished that, after the lapse of so long a separation between this husband and wife, there should be a recognition of such a thrilling character, and the intermediate marriage of the wife having been dissolved by death, and all obstacles to a re-union removed, and the honey-moon of connubial felicity renewed! But marvel not, for you shall see greater things than this—things of doubly thrilling import, in which eternal destinies are involved. But see to it, that when thou seest thy wife or husband standing not upon the stage of yesterday, but upon a sea of glass, with a palm of victory in hand, and upon the head a diadem, surpassing in lustre and glory ten thousand suns, the admiration and gaze, not of a few hundreds that are convened for amusement only, but of teeming myriads that wait with obsequious and willing reverence for the mandatory droppings of his or her lips; that that husband or wife (as the case may be), is lawfully yours, so acknowledged and registered by the power of God, for, says Paul, "there is no power that is not of God." Thy companions, by the events of a mysterious Providence, may be separated from thy bosom for a long time, and the clay tenement mingle with the dust from which it sprung, and earthquakes may shake the tomb with convulsive throes, and famine may heap its scores of human skeletons thereon, and the earth be soaked in blood as prophets have foretold; still in the great final restitution of all things nothing shall be lost, but reanimated, beautiful, and perfected with blooming immortality, they shall stand upon the stage of life, in the city of the New Jerusalem, if faithful to the commands of God, and none shall pluck them from their hands. True, in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but those who have made their calling and election sure, and are registered in the new and everlasting covenant, shall claim and hold their own. Mother, thou hast not forgotten thy lovely boy, from whose marble forehead thy tender hand didst many years since turn aside his silken locks and plant the maternal kiss. Long since thou didst convey him from thy sight in the narrow cell, and in some distant land too, forsooth. Thy cares, and the fond ones thou hast yet remaining, have partly obliterated the lovely image, and chased away thy mourning sorrows. But when thou walkest yonder golden streets, and enterest that royal mansion prepared by the princely architect of heaven, you will not have occasion to scrutinize long that blooming lad's countenance before you can exclaim, Oh, *my* boy! *my* boy!! *my* son! *my* son!! Or that queenly figure blooming with immortal charms and hallowed enchantment—That, say you, is *my* wife! *my* wife!! But we forbear. When life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel that is now on the earth, you will say the one half is not told you.

EDITOR.

SIGNS IN THE SUN.

For a week past, several groups of solar spots in different declination and successively varying their appearance, have presented a singular aspect on the sun's disc. Three of these now exhibit individual spots on their western sides, of between thirty-four and forty thousand miles in diameter; of these, first, in about one degree of south declination, resembles a large parallelogram, with its side westward and nearly within one digit of the sun's western limb. The second, in about two degrees of north declination, has its largest spot nearly round, which is followed at regular intervals by two others varying from two thirds to one third of its size, this group being now about two digits from the sun's western limb. The third group, in the high declination of about four digits north, has its largest

spot, now almost nearly round, within two-and-a-half digits of the sun's western limb. The fourth group, composed of smaller spots, is nearly on the sun's equator, and within three-and-a-half digits of his western limb. Besides those now mentioned, one large spot has just made its appearance on the sun's eastern limb, thus showing us that the sun's inhabitants, whose existence is inferred by analogy, are not deprived of the means of studying astronomy, which can only be done by viewing the celestial bodies through the clear sky, afforded to them by means of these solar spots, which often remain for four, five, or more weeks, with little change over the same opaque solar territories. *19th Feb.*, 1847.—P.S.—On the 15th instant the three large spots, thus noticed, singularly resembled ships of war, with sails bent, and top-gallants flying, as if then met by a breeze from the west.—*Glasgow Evening Post.*

PETITION.

To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament Assembled.

"The humble petition of the undersigned members of the Grand Jury, assembled at Spring Assizes, 1847, for the county of Wicklow,

"Showeth,—That your petitioners would submit to your Lordships, that a plan of systematic colonization would prove useful as a remedy for local distress in Ireland, by affording the means of emigration to such families as may be desirous of leaving the country, insuring to them, at the same time, the opportunity of acquiring independence through the exercise of industry. That for this purpose they would especially urge the necessity of securing the welfare of the colonist, on arriving at his destination, until he shall have acquired sufficient information.

"That the class which it is desirable to see emigrating cannot do so by their own resources; and that no one of the other classes benefitted by the operation, would, separately taken, find it so profitable as to insure their carrying it out upon a large scale.

"That it is, therefore, peculiarly the province of the state, whose office it is to represent and protect the interests of all collectively, to promote emigration by direct intervention, as well as by assisting, with information and pecuniary aid, the efforts of individuals and of public bodies in promoting this most desirable result.

"That your petitioners respectfully submit that it would be expedient that the waste lands belonging to the Crown in the colonies, should be applied with a view to benefit the labouring poor of Great Britain and Ireland, and they pray your Lordships to have regard to this consideration in legislating on the subject.

"That this question is peculiarly deserving of the attention of Parliament at the present crisis, inasmuch as your petitioners can assure your Lordships that a very large portion of the poorer classes are desirous to avail themselves of that mode of relief from their present position.

"That we therefore pray your Lordships to take the subject of colonization into your consideration, with a view to the relief of Ireland."

IMPROMPTU,

Written in commemoration of President Hyde's departure from England, for the CAMP OF ISRAEL, 1847.

Farewell, blest messenger of peace!
God's blessing go with thee;
Calm be the winds to waft thee o'er
The boist'rous rolling sea.
Like Noah's dove, far thou hast soar'd,
A resting place to find,
Where sins devouring deluge swept,
The peace of human kind.

Back to the ARK, again thou'lt bear
On wing the glad'ning news,
That sins dark flood has left the land,
Though *leaves* lie *strewed* profuse;
And oh, how happy will they be
To greet the BRANCH *of peace*,
And eager list, the dove-like tale,
"The troubled waters cease."